

The
West
Saxon



Autumn Term,
1929.

WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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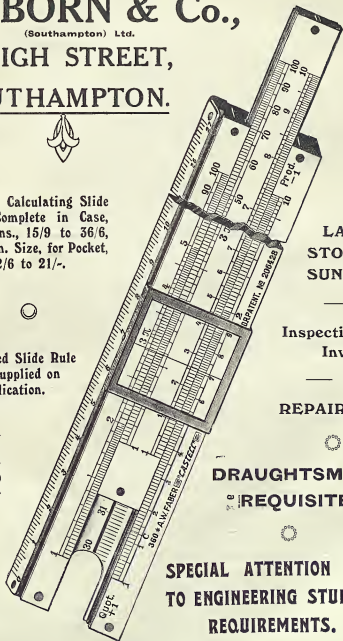
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1928 RECORD.

MEMBERSHIP	-	-	-	-	130,231
NEW MEMBERS	-	-	-	-	12,473
NET INCREASE	-	-	-	-	4,957

FINANCE.

TOTAL FUNDS	-	-	-	-	£833,142
INCREASE 1928	-	-	-	-	£83,142

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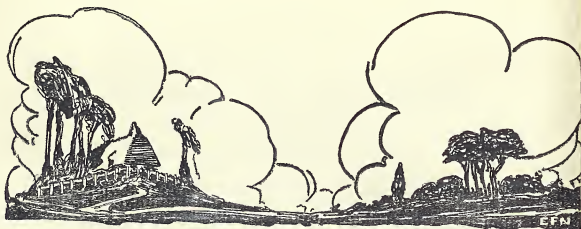
Vol. XXX.

AUTUMN TERM, 1929.

No. 1.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
EDITORIAL - - - - -	3
THE MOON IN FEBRUARY (Syllabic Verse) - - - - -	4
IN FLUMEN PLENA VITA - - - - -	5
MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE - - - - -	7
CAMEOS IN PROSE AND POETRY - - - - -	8
ON CATCHING A TRAIN - - - - -	10
THE PRIMROSE PATH - - - - -	11
DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. III - - - - -	12
THE DELIGHT OF "SNAPPING" - - - - -	14
THE BOOK OF LOTMAN THR SCRIBE - - - - -	15
"VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO" - - - - -	16
THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY - - - - -	18
THE VERY YOUNG LOVER - - - - -	19
THE DREAM OF THE ROOD - - - - -	20
"REFEC." - - - - -	21
COLLEGE UNION NOTES - - - - -	22
ATHLETICS - - - - -	25
HALL NOTES - - - - -	27
UNIONS AND SOCIETIES - - - - -	30



THE WEST SAXON

is written by a few busy people

so that

a lot of lazy people

can enjoy it,

which

isn't

cricket.

(Contributions for next term's copy
should be in by March 1st)

The West Saxon.

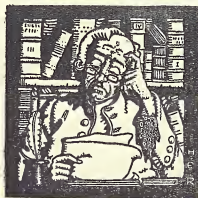
Editor:
L. T. ETCHES.

Sub-Editor:
MISS M. HACKER.

Secretary:
E. NORMAN.

The Editor is not responsible for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."

EDITORIAL.



AFTER an interval of two years a member of the male sex occupies the Editorial Chair. On sitting down to write this our first Editorial, we had the intention of celebrating the above-named event by a passage of fine writing. However, at the crucial moment inspiration deserted us, as, judging from the scanty supply of copy we received this term, it has deserted many other members of the College.

By including in this issue the Students' Union notes, we have deprived ourselves as Editor, of a very fruitful field for discourse. No longer can we pass benignant and fatherly comments on the Student activities of the College. We have placed this portion of our task in the hands of a specialist, the President of the Union, who has accomplished it much better than we should have done.

However, the Editorial page has still its *raison d'être*. The Editor has his own axe to grind. While Union and Society Reports of every description remind us, term by term, of the steps University College is taking towards its end—the University of Wessex, we should like to feel that the "West Saxon" too is reflecting in its articles that progress. During the last few days we have been re-reading issues of the "West Saxon" for the past three years. And, we must admit, we have not been forcibly struck by the strides the Magazine has made during that interval. We feel that some tangible advance should have been made and, moreover, that the initiative does not depend, and never has depended, on the Editor. We must not blind ourselves to the fact that the responsibility lies mainly with the contributors, the members of the College themselves. The Editor can but publish the contributions he receives, and, clearly, the more bulky the copy is, the better the Editor can pursue his duties of selection. We realise we have spoken rather bluntly, but our excuse is that we feel the "West Saxon" to be as much a College institution as the Athletic Union and that it should therefore receive adequate support.

THE MOON IN FEBRUARY.

(*Syllabic Verse.*)

THE round yellow moon in a clear and frosty sky,
Looks down on small dark houses huddled in the night,
Under their black shadows she sees tiny men creep,
With white faces by the flicker of the street lamps.

But they and others from their windows looking out
See the beauty of the moon. It brings to many
Dreams of wide lonely plains, of forests and still seas.

They are no longer drest in ugly trousers and
Dingy coats, they are no longer payers of rates,
Drawers of dividends, churchwardens, employers.

Now they are men of ancient days, rob'd patriarchs,
Watching at night on vast plains beneath the shadow of
Great oaks : they see the gods, youths in a chariot
Drawn by winged horses lighting down from heaven.
They hear their solemn words of power and majesty.

Others are in a ship upon a wide still sea,
Gliding over silver moonlit water. Others
Through tangled branches with a trembling joy behold
A white goddess bathing her naked deathless limbs
In a clear forest pool.

And so they turn and sleep
Having seen beauty once, having forgotten awhile
The world of ugly trifles that environs them.

I think I see the full moon smile in quiet joy,
Pleased with the victory of immortal loveliness.

V. de S. P.

Southampton, 1929.



H.W.L.

IN FLUMEN PLENA VITA.

I HAVE been fortunate enough to spend much time on the River Thames, not, as you might at first think, lying at the bottom of a punt on a summer's day, but on tugs, lighters and barges. The Thames is as much the home of romance and adventure as the sea. You cannot expect to find much of either (except of a very maudlin character) by confining yourself to daytime and the upper reaches of the river from Kew to Oxford. You must see Father Thames in all seasons and weathers; you must venture on his waters, not in a punt but in a barge or a tug, and you will soon understand why he has such a powerful influence upon men who gain their livelihood upon him.

Each time I make a trip on the river I find a hundred strange and interesting things and hear a score of fresh fascinating stories. An old friend of mine is a piermaster of one of the P.L.A. piers which stand at intervals along the river. Westminster Bridge is to-day acquiring the evil reputation which once belonged to Waterloo Bridge. It is an excellent starting place for those who contemplate suicide. One night my piermaster friend was making his usual round of inspection before retiring to his cabin when he heard a dull splash and fancied he could distinguish a form struggling in the water. He put out on to the river in his dinghy and soon came up with the man who was attempting to drown. This particular person showed no desire to be taken from the water and struck out furiously when he was seized. He dealt the piermaster a heavy blow on the mouth. Gripping the gunwale of the boat he did his best to sink it. The piermaster struggled to loose his grip and at the same time to preserve the equilibrium of the boat, which rapidly became awash. It is too easy to surmise what would have happened had not the boat, with the half-mad man clinging to it, been swept by the strong flood against the arch of Westminster Bridge. The man's head was the first to strike the stone and so he dropped back unconscious. The piermaster says he has never been out since to rescue would-be suicides without a length of gas-piping tucked away under the rowing-seat.

Another dark night on the Thames I was aboard the tug on which I have acquired most of my interest in the river. We were steaming from Rochester down the Medway and round into the Thames with six loaded cement barges. It was a night of Stygian darkness and the few feeble lights about appeared like pin-holes in a black screen. There was, moreover, a howling easterly gale and very heavy seas. We had just rounded into the Thames when suddenly the tow-ropes snapped. I was talking to a lighterman in the third tier of barges when we suddenly realised we were adrift. The next two hours were the most uncomfortable and eerie I have ever spent. There we were—six lightermen and myself on six small barges adrift in a heavy gale between the Thames and the open sea, with no possible means of helping ourselves. We were never more relieved than when the tug eventually discovered us again.

Men who spend their lives on the river are constantly on the look-out for flotsam. Frequently things of considerable value are found floating down the river. On one occasion the tug was stopped and all hands stood ready to hook a box which looked as though it contained several dozen bottles of wine. Imagine the chagrin and the unimaginable language of these "tuggies" when they found that the bottles contained only disinfectant.

Even in summer experiences befall the men of the river. The body of a little child smiling happily went floating by in the dusk of a summer's day last year. A man fell overboard from a lighter one dark night and his body was not found for three weeks. But the grimmer occurrences are fortunately rare.

THE WEST SAXON.

The most thrilling moments in my life have been spent on the Thames. Most steam tugs are steered not by hand but by steam power. The tug-captain's sword of Damocles is the fear of this steam steering-gear falling him at a critical moment. He views the possibility with more apprehension than even foggy weather can inspire. One hazy night we had been steaming cautiously upstream and suddenly the steering mechanism did fail. We were in the Lower Hope, and in this reach of the Thames lies an old hulk used for storing gunpowder and T.N.T. Almost as soon as the gear failed this old hunk loomed through the haze ahead. "Full astern" was telegraphed at once, but there was a time of terrible suspense while we strove to judge whether or not the tug would strike the hulk.

And once I was in a sailing barge working round from Northfleet into the Medway, when just as we reached the junction of the two rivers near the open sea, a strong south-east wind ripped away the foresail and left the barge practically unmanageable. For some time it seemed as if we might founder in the heavy seas and the stress of wind and current. We ought never to have been under way in such a wind. Eventually we ran for shelter across to the other side of the estuary into Benfleet Creek and there we cast anchor.

And so to everybody who lives close by the Thames or any other big river I would advise: Make friends with the captain of a tug or the skipper of a sailing barge and you will find your Englishman's love of the sea far more satisfied than by poling a punt down some placid backwater.

B. W. C.



MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.

ON Tuesday, 10th October, the first day of term, the College was privileged, through the good offices of Mr. Casson, to listen to a dramatic recital by Miss Sybil Thorndike, assisted by her husband, Mr. Lewis Casson.

To those who had never heard Miss Thorndike before this recital was a revelation ; to those familiar with her stage personality the occasion was coloured with the charm of more or less personal contact. Accustomed to paying one's humble tribute from the gallery, one here found oneself as it were, at the very feet of the divinity—a divinity withal which had stepped down from its accustomed sphere with the express purpose of self-revelation. But above all the recital provided incontrovertible evidence as to the undying virtue of Shakespeare's achievement. Dull had he been, or exceedingly perverse who had remained unmoved by the magic of great verse greatly spoken—as Miss Thorndike spoke it.

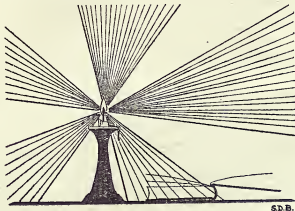
Never, moreover, was the versatility of this accomplished actress made more manifest. From the diffident enthusiasm of the prologue to *Henry V* to the tenseness of the emotional conflict in *Macbeth* is a far enough cry. Still farther, however from *Macbeth* to the scene of Catherine's death in *Henry VIII*. Miss Thorndike aged visibly : anon, and she was the pert, impetuous termagent of the *Taming of the Shrew* sweeping the action along with all the vigour of her impetuous personality.

And in passing, may we pay our tribute to Mr. Lewis Casson ? His *Macbeth* was thought excellent, his *Petruchio* only overshadowed—as was seemly—by Miss Thorndike's Catherine. A very worthy combination in good faith.

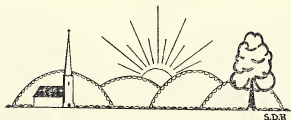
The recital concluded with the epilogue from *As You Like It*. Full many a beardless freshman was observed to stroke a rueful chin as Miss Thorndike spoke these cajoling lines :

"If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not ; and I am sure, as many as have good beards, on good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me farewell."

We did, with extreme reluctance.



S.D.B.



CAMEOS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

CHRISTMAS.

I agree with Scrooge ; Christmas is a vile season, hypocritical of mirth and falsely reverberating with cheer. Its gaiety is hollow and its good will is of a pasteboard quality, bearing too much the imprint of Mammon, a Mammon compounded of bodily delights, of which fruits and wines come chiefest. Strange panoply of merriment to commemorate a simple birth ! Strange festive-decked mansions to commemorate a stable miracle !

THE DESERTED GARDEN.

THE wind has swept the garden desolate ;
Down by the lily pool the piled leaves
Bury the feet in yielding softness ; late
The last birds caroll'd 'neath the cottage eaves,
But now are fled ; the old sundial lies still
And patient, braving yet a new winter,
And sleeping tranquilly each hour, until
The faithless sun awakes him with a stir.
These lawns, these garden plots that once were neat,
Are ragged, unkempt, wan and weary ghosts
Of their first formal beauty ; the old seat
Is crazy worn with age ; the oaken posts
Are fast crumbling ; the trees still moaning low
Answer the wind's shrill cries ; now to and fro
Distracted rush the leaves, and all is cold.
The spirit of the garden is grown old.

NOCTURNE.

A deserted city park ; the greyish mist of softly falling rain ; in the background, misshapen houses, deformed ghosts of a deceased imagination ; the myriad twinkling of electric lights ; a tall wraith-like carillon, a lily rising from the festering weeds ; and yet a beauty unexplained, a vague disturbance of the senses ; all.

CAMEOS IN PROSE AND POETRY.

CHARACTERS.

JUNIUS is ponderous in body, yet his wit scintillates rarely. In conversation piquant, in body slothful, he shoots envenomed barbs of wit at great and small.

He wears perpetually a mental sneer and curses wearily at fortune's many frowns. He was once within reach of a certain geniality ; but to-day the light of geniality has departed from his life, and he seems passively to resist anything which may be passing pleasant. No respecter of persons, he is swift in debate and can pierce the stoutest armour of self-esteem. I would not have him for my foe, and yet he is a trifle cold for friendliness. The Gods have given him a certain genius, but no charm,

HORATIO. Most men, being fools, gladly wear a mask of wisdom ; but Horatio wears a mask of folly with perverse intent to deceive. Spend but a minute with him, and he will jest a thousand ways, and laugh, and play a million clownish pranks. Yet know him, and he is compounded of many parts, grave in moments, of speech sober, and weighing carefully his lightest word. His geniality is unfailing, and he is tolerant of fools, who gladly seek his company, thinking foolishly that here is such a one as themselves.

HARLEQUIN'S SONG.

Lifeless and grey,
Leaves of dead yesterday,
Sport of the breeze
Toss'd down from the trees,
They fly.
And I
Stricken with love,
To the pale stars above,
Chant a sad hymn
To the skies grey and dim,
While she
So free,
Heeds naught of me,
But flits carelessly
Now here, now there,
Like a flame in the air ;
So bright
And light
That to me in my plight,
Her absence is night
Dark and drear
Without cheer.

ON CATCHING A TRAIN.

THERE is one thing in life, the accomplishment of which is as far beyond man as communication with the moon, unless by chance or by careful study of the problem, he has found a solution. This tragedy of life, for such it is, is unusual, even amazing. When one has to perform an action perhaps five days a week and forty-odd weeks a year, one is entitled to expect some degree of ease in performance. Nevertheless, there are few men alive to-day who can say that they will catch a certain train and can then do so with ease. I, as one of the few, am able to smile reminiscently and sympathetically at the efforts of the vast majority.

First there is the Business Man who has a morning time-table covering the period from waking to setting out for the station. He is usually in time when he comes down to breakfast. The meal however and the usual wrangle with the one sitting opposite seem to take more than their allotted time. Then, naturally, the paper is missing. Children and mother fly frantically through "The Laurels." Finally, one young hopeful mentions to father that the paper is underneath him. For this truly marvellous, but very tactless, discovery he gets his ears boxed, presumably because father is never wrong. The front door suddenly bursts open and a short, plump and perspiring figure settles into its stride for the dash to the station. Umbrella and attaché case in one hand, silk hat and newspaper in the other, our City man scuds along. As he runs he is passed by athletic clerks and short-skirted typists. As he turns into the station-yard matters are complicated by a struggle for his season. Finally, with a last spurt, he dashes on to the platform and hurls himself into the moving train. As he collapses into the nearest seat, he mops his brow, sets his teeth and resolves to leave the house earlier next day.

Somewhat different is the way of the family setting out on holiday. Everything is packed by ten o'clock regardless of the fact that they are catching the 5.15. Then every member of the family yields to a violent attack of nervous excitement. Mother fusses round turning off the gas and water-mains, shutting windows and generally rendering the house uninhabitable. The children either hang out of the window waiting for the taxi or ask questions, as numerous as idiotic, about the immediate future. Father sits down, usually on the sandwiches, takes out his pipe and prepares to wait in masculine tranquillity until half-past two. As the questions are fired at him, he becomes more and more irritable, goaded beyond endurance by the repetition five or six times of that old inquiry, "Daddy, when will the taxi be here?" As he snaps back at the last questioner, his wife enters and exhorts him to remember his own youth, as though the memory of his own childish follies should soothe him. Father sits back scowls at the cases and wishes he was home again, the holiday over. In this way time passes until the taxi arrives. It is usually late and by the time all the luggage is packed on they have but half an hour to spare. They arrive at the station and park themselves in their train and wait miserably for the train to start. When it does start, usually all the sandwiches and fruit are gone, and all the magazines have been read.

That is not the way to catch a train with ease. Neither is the first way. One should be able to walk to the station, select a magazine, find a corner seat and arrange one's self in comfort. As one settles down to read a book the train should move gently away until one at length becomes aware that one is on the way. Of course that is an ideal and therefore impossible to attain in practice. Good results, however, can be obtained from this method.

Select your train and then announce to all and sundry that you are going to catch one about half an hour later. Getting everything ready you set out half an hour early

ON CATCHING A TRAIN.

as in the case of a holiday-bound family. Thus the evil genius presiding over men's destinies is deceived and despises your mentality as one of the Safety-First Brigade. When you arrive at the station, ask the porter to place your bag in a corner seat so that you have your face to the engine. Ask the station-master where your ostensible train is to be found. Then, having selected your books, etc., stroll slowly down the side of your real train. As you draw near to your compartment, jump in suddenly. By the time that the train recovers from its amazement you will be quite ready. One little detail is important: Tip your porter when you give him your bag, as the train may vent its anger on him by starting before you can reward his aid.

BRIAN A. LAVIN.



THE PRIMROSE PATH.

IT'S bitter hard to love a man and know that he's no good,
Would steal you diamond bracelets and let you starve for food,
That if you wedded you'd be sure of Hell here and hereafter,
And never know the sound of mirth except his drunken laughter.

To have him kneel and lay his cheek upon your muddy feet
And plead an hour for one short kiss, Oh God! it's poison-sweet!
But love so fair and fine as his is not the first time making,
And maybe there'll come other women better worth his taking.

It doesn't matter that he's loved a dozen times before,
But oh! to know that after you there'll be a dozen more!
And if you wed, as wed you must, if you've a heart or body,
Though you may lie in silk and gold, the babe'll lie in shoddy.

Folk warn you that the day'll come you'll learn to pray for death.
They tell you what you know too well. They do but waste their breath.
You have no choice. It's not his strength that holds you but his weakness.
His need has met your need to give, his blood has warned your bleakness.

It drives a thrusting dagger home beneath your heavy breast
Each time he drops his heavy head upon your arm to rest,
But were he Cain or Judas, and the fumes of Hell about you,
Yet love and follow him you must. He cannot do without you.

N. W.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. III.

WE are the Geography Department.
We live in a First-Class Compartment.

(We do not scan
Although we can)
Universality
Is our finest quality.
Our mentality
Scorns banality
We hate cordiality,
With cold brutality
We regard mortality
But not morality.
We view our friends' depravity
With sad and awful gravity.
For we are serious ;
It's deleterious.
Though rather curious
We think it's spurious
And most injurious
—It makes us FURIOUS—

That people should imagine that we, the sober solemn seven
Should, other's coppers cadgin', take refreshment at eleven.

Although we are gregarious,
We think it is nefarious
In lecs. to be hilarious
When life is so precarious.*
Familiar we with latitude
—To us it is a platitude—
We know still more of longitude
—We see it every day—
Our work it is laborious,
But that is meritorious,
And so with mein victorious
We pass upon our way.
Our bearing in society
Has won us notoriety,
We do not say for piety
Nor even for sobriety
But rather for propriety.
Cartography, ~~le~~
Geography,
To us present no mystery.
†Economics,
Anatomics,
Mechanics, French and History
Provide for minds as broad as ours
A pleasant toy for leisure hours.

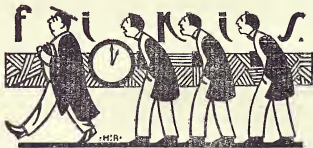
DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES. III.

Instead of seeing "Rose Marie"
We read light works on chemistry,
We view with toleration
The harmless occupation
Of putting thoughts in rhyme;
If any man should doubt us
In vain attempt to flout us,
We point him to this poem
Which we've composed to show him,
And to while away the time.
We think our verse
Is neat and terse.
[*Could it be worse?*—ED.]

ISO THERM.

**e.g.*—Earthquakes.

†This talk about utility
To us is mere futility.



THE DELIGHTS OF "SNAPPING."

CAMERAS are absolutely necessary when one is going abroad. The joys of the solitary ramble "snap"-seeking are not to be estimated in any currency. One particular morning last September, the Touraine sun pouring down upon a smiling Touraine countryside, I set out alone, with my faithful "Brownie" for company. Not hut what one soon found other companions en route. First there was the old goat-herd. Emerging from a path lined with tall vines, heavy with fruit, I came upon her suddenly, in a grassy clearing planted with apple trees, with her little black-overalled grandson. They were minding a small flock of goats, and were obviously there for no other purpose, from my point of view, than to be "snapped." I approached and summoning up my best French inquired if it were permitted to take them in a photograph? Much cogitation. What *is* a photograph? Followed explanations of the inner workings of a camera. Light began to dawn, with a knowing look she inquired how much it was going to cost. She had had some before, back in the dark days of the War, and nothing could persuade the good dame that this "snap" would cost her nothing. Thanking her, I said good day and went on across the fields. Presently I turned the next film into position. During the explanation of the interior of the camera I had snapped her, all unknown.

By now I was fairly lost. I passed through several sleepy hamlets with their tall white houses all be-shuttered and blazing in the sun. Peasant kiddies stared open-mouthed at this stranger invading their domain, and a few plucked up courage to greet politely, "Bonjour, Madame." Only two, a brother and sister, were bold enough to make conversation.

Passing along dusty roads bordered by vineyards and cider-orchards I spied on ahead a most picturesque couple. Fortune favours the brave! Hastening my footsteps I got the required permission and took a snap of two very willing old peasant-women, spotlessly neat in their tiny bonnets of Touraine lace. They were eager to chatter—told me they had been out since five that morning, herb-gathering in the fields—their aprons and baskets were full of sweet-smelling flowers and grasses.

After this rencontre all went well. A sweet old "demoiselle de campagne" was gaily informed by my escort that she might consider herself under arrest until I had worked my will upon her. She was a perfect dear, with broad-brimmed straw hat and long capacious skirts. Not far behind her came the old village postman, and he too was requested to stand still while his photo was taken. The poor old fellow was quite taken aback. He protested in a helpless kind of way that he had on his old shirt and asked if he might not be permitted to don his coat, which, owing to the heat he had taken off and slung over his shoulder. I was adamant and he submitted like a lamb to the ordeal, although he bowed his head with very shame at his unpostmanlike appearance, and strove to hide his blushing face under the conveniently wide brim of his straw hat.

Next I "snapped" an old man in sabots whose business in life was to rake the sand in the open-air café by the river-side. Thrilling business! And he certainly looked thrilled (?) Anyway he was obviously well used to having his photograph taken, probably on account of his extremely picturesque appearance. The last "snap" was of an ancient villager at his door, and was not too successful on account of his agitation at such an event. He even wished to take off his delightful specimen of a hat in the firm belief that it was in some way disrespectful and impolite to keep it on his head.

So much for a morning of "snapping."

THE BOOK OF LOTMEN THE SCRIBE.

NOW it came to pass in those days that there lived a certain man in the land of Notos whose name was Oljo. And he was a just man and a learned and he was cunning in divers sciences, and he did greatly study a certain science which he called Psy Cho Logy: and thereof he did both write and say many wise things to the greater mystification of the people. And the people of that country did call it also by other names.

And Oljo walked through the markets and the streets and he said to the people, "Tell me this" or "Tell me that." But they could not answer him nor reply any word to him. And he said within himself, "Lo! they are an ignorant people and an unlearned." And he bethought himself what he might do.

But one night, as he was eating of a mess of pottage, inspiration came to him, and he arose suddenly from the seat whereon he was sitting (the which movement did greatly harm the linen ephod which he wore upon his breast) and he cried in a loud voice, "Now I know what I will do."

And he caused to be set up a place wherein he might teach knowledge to the ignorant. And he caused other learned men to come and help him in his task. For he said, "I will educate the young men and the maidens," which, being interpreted, is, "I will cause them to learn much unprofitable matter for their greater good."

And the fame of the place spread even unto other nations and young men and maidens came from far countries to the land of Notos to hear him. And he caused houses to be built for them, for the young men at Ston Eham and for the maidens at Bas Sett. And he made him Warden, which is Ruler, over the house for the young men. And he made them walk in the straight path of virtue and when they strayed therefrom he made pay him moneys of silver and moneys of gold; and many men who came there rich, went home again poor men—nay even beggars. And Oljo was a rich man.

Fragment of a MS. apparently undiscovered, by an Anglo-Saxon scribe illuminated in red and blue and dated B.C. —4 in wood.

Jo*, joyous and jubilant
Journeyed aforthe in his Jowett.
Gaily he got her in gear,
Guessing his goal.
Many maidens met he
And men in great multitudes,
Beckoned benignly and bowed,
Beaming on beauty,
Hailed them to Highfield Hall
And South Stoneham House with its horseboxes.
Privileges, pantries and privacy
Proffered profusely the Professor.
The Warden went warily westwards,
Wistfully waiting for women from Wales.
In satisfaction he sent to Southampton.
To say he might soon be arriving in safety.
He hooted, and hotter than Hell
Hurtled through Hants to his homestead.
Approvals, acceptance, appeared
Appalling the 'ard-working Alb† . . .

BRENIVERTONIENSIS.

* Jo, > V. L. Jovis, or V. L. ego, = I, may be by contamination, by Jovis out of ego.

† The conjectures of scholars have failed to fill this gap satisfactorily. One of our most erudite colleagues could only say "er!"

"VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO"

(*Horace*).

R-F-CT-RY.

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt."—*Shakespeare*.

"Says guzzling Jack to gorging Jimmy,
I am confounded hungry."—*Thackeray*.

MR. L-TTL-.

"And when my soul I drench with ruby wine,
Before my eyes there comes a dream divine."—*Omar*.

H-GHF--LD H-LL.

"Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry."—*Herrick*.

MR. B-SH.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play."—*Gilbert*.

SUNDAY AT ST-N-H-M.

"To-night we'll wander through the streets and note
The qualities of people."—*Shakespeare*.

THE T-RR-T-R-LS.

"When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold."—*Wordsworth*.

CERTAIN L-CT-R-RS.

"Hark, hark;
Bow-wow."—*Shakespeare*.

PROF. C-CK.

"He was oure aller cock."—*Chaucer*.

MR. C-K'S PULLOVER.

"Fantaetical as Joseph's coat."—*Eleanor Farjeon*.

HIGH TEA AT ST-N-H-M.

"For me they fill the milkbowl up and cull the choice sardines."—*Calverley*.

T-RM-N-LS.

"We guess an' fear."—*Burns*.

MR. N-SH.

"Is it possible?"—*Wiat*.

DR. M-NS-LL.

"Marriage makes a difference, you know."—*G. B. Shaw*.

"VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO."

FIRE ALARM AT ST-N-H-M.

"Hark! More knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us."—*Shakespeare*.

"I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door."—*Swift*.

MR. CH-RN-CK.

"You will know Sir C. by his turning in his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing."—*Sheridan*.

SCH-L PR-CY-C-.

"I struck him, and dismissed

With hard words, and unkiss'd."—*Patmore*.

MR. L--SHM-N.

"Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape."—*Arnold*.

MISS K-RKBR-D-.

"Turn her loose in the old library and let her alone . . . let her loose in the library, I say."—*Ruskin*.

MR. -RN-LD.

"The said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 people."

"That there are other kingdoms and states in the world inhabited by creatures as large as yourself our philosophers are in much doubt."—*Swift*.

THE FR-SH-R.

"Poor, reckless, rude, lowborn, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone."—*Sir F. H. Doyle*.

HIGH TABLE ST-T-R-S.

"The nice little boys on his Eminence wait."—*Ingholdsby*.

FR-SH-RS' C-NC-RT.

"They were well provided with buckets."—*Swift*.

MISS W-TTS.

"Let me have men about me."—*Shakespeare*.

MR. L-TTL-J-HN.

"There hangs an endless fog, occasioned by much tobacco."—*Thackeray*.

J. E. W. P.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY.

November 28th, 29th, and 30th.

"MRS. CHEYNEY" has been criticised as rather too "modern" and "sophisticated." We know that neither of these words is meant literally. But the moral theme of the play is moral. Mrs. Cheyney commits a comparatively venial offence and recoils from a beastly one; to avoid it she places herself deliberately in a dangerous situation. It is not virtue that is made ridiculous in Elton, but smugness. An admirable man would never have written that so very petty and ungenerous letter. Mrs. Cheyney is extremely generous; we can always sympathise with her. She does not use even her tongue except in self defence; we can admire her. If we admire her more than we should, it is the fault of the acting.

And if these men and women are bad lots, they are neither unwholesome nor mean, they preach less charitably than they practise—a refreshing change.

The dialogue moves swiftly except when it is held up by clumsy colloquialisms. These are unnecessary. The types who use them are likely to study their phrases too well to get involved with syntax. Mrs. Cheyney makes the labyrinthine remark: "It's so amusing to have put you once in the position of embarrassment that you must have so often succeeded with women by putting them in." On the stage only the most careful emphasis made it intelligible. But the dialogue possesses the rare and most important quality of being possible. It is the kind of wit that can happen. Mr. Lonsdale shows a strong stylistic resemblance to Mr. Arlen. Both have a taste for cynical generalities, and a passion for epigram. Both say flippant things seriously and serious things most flippantly. They are both a little sentimental in most unexpected—I almost said unnecessary—places. Perhaps the least sentimental part of all "Mrs. Cheyney" was the very last. Or again, is that to the credit of the actors?

It is a commonplace to speak of a "well chosen cast," because the actor can himself mould the character. Very often a complete reversal of casting would produce a quite different but equally good result. But the company do deserve warm congratulation on a number of points. The quarrel between Mrs. Cheyney and Dilling was extraordinarily convincing, they filled an arbitrary piece of dialogue with significance. The whole company must be credited with a neat turn of wit; the *sous-entendus* were skilfully handled. At the beginning Charles neatly riveted our attention upon the epigrammatic analysis of seven unknown people by adapting a slightly pontifical air. Instead of being bored, we were amused. But I suspect Lonsdale of wanting to make his characters actor-proof before he presented them.

The inimitable Maria excelled in her last scene with all the conviction of a very guilty conscience. Elton tackled an unaccommodating part with thoroughness and forced our sympathy, especially in the last act. He made it easy to follow the stages of attraction, infatuation, and final disillusion. He made almost pathetic a part that might have been ridiculous; he won our respect before his final exit; and he and Lord Dilling combined remarkably well to throw each other into strong contrast.

Mrs. Cheyney gave a fine study of a lady—the only example among all the characters. Her restraint and sense of humour helped her with a difficult interpretation. Her mockery was delicate and never jarred. Her sentiment was never sentimental. Lord Dilling identified himself with the part. This is almost the only possible criticism, and it would be difficult to find a more favourable. He brought out the more sympathetic side of a character that might have been made objectionable, and he was natural in every movement. He must be congratulated, as must Maria, on a clever use of business.

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY.

Charles, again, needed all his sense of humour. He was enigmatic. When he made his last exit, we knew him only a little better than at his entrance. He whetted our appetites for acquaintance. It would be too long to criticise all the caste individually; suffice it to say that there was no visible joint in the histrionic armour.

A noble army of scene shifters deserve thanks, as well as Dr. Andetson, who improved upon Nature's handiwork with grease-paint. Mr. Brett superintended the scenery, and wielded a brush himself with much success.

The cast laboured under every conceivable difficulty, except lack of efficiency. Their time for rehearsals was badly limited. On Saturday evening the rain added a further handicap. It was almost impossible to make the dialogue reach the back of the Hall, and the effort was a bad strain upon the actors. The dressing-rooms were half-flooded. However, the din must have impressed on some of the visitors the indescribably bad conditions under which we carry on.



THE VERY YOUNG LOVER.

SINCE every eve we watch the dying day
Stain the streaked heavens with his purple blood
We see no miracle in the display,
For so he agonised before the flood.

Things that have been we do require again,
Things that are now we challenge as our right.
We see no mystery in the falling rain.
And only habit in the rhythm of light.

And so I would not marry you. The years
Would fray the lustre of my reverence.
A lover needs must have a lover's fears
And faith destroys the hunger of suspense.
And if I knew you never could depart
I should not need to hold you by the heart.



THE DREAM OF THE ROOD.

“LONG years ago—my memory guards it still—
I was hewn down from forest-edge and ta'en
By strong, rough foes to be their gazing-stock,
Their felon-bearer, carried shoulder-high
And by them raised up on a lonely hill.
There, hastening towards me came the Warrior,
Strong-hearted, pure of mind and brave in sight
Of many as He mounted me, the Rood,
A willing ransom made for man. Ah! how
I longed to break or bend, to fell the foe,
Yet stood I fast, and raised the mighty King.
I trembled, but I dared not fall to earth,
Altho' with cruel nails they pierced me through
Together were we bloodstained, mocked, reviled,
And many a cruel happening saw I there
As brutal foes stretched out the Lord of Hosts
And darkness veiled his shining radiance.
Creation wept. It mourned the fall of Christ
Who on me still beneath the shadow hung.”

ANGLO-SAXONIUS.



"REFEC."

(With apologies to E. V. Lucas' "Jack.")

EVERY College has its Refec, but no College ever had quite so fine a Refec as ours :—

So picturesque
Epicurean
Irresponsible
Powerful
Redolent

And lovable a Refec as ours.

How Refec exists everyone knows, for students rarely do any work.
True they set snares for rabbits yet never catch one

Much less two,
Even less so three.

Only very occasionally is the student otherwise but broke
And yet he always finds enough money for tobacco
With a little over for coffee, although he is no soaker.

Everybody likes Refec.

The Professor likes it although he is never late for lectures,
Like his students.

The lecturer likes it because (s)he adores simmering coffee
The office boy likes it though he often makes himself ill.
I like it too, chiefly because of its perpetual good temper and its intimacy with students
and its capacity for colouring conversation.

The women like it because it brings them the first break in the morning and a respite
from work

Also because it's packed so outrageously.

But the men love it.

They flock to it in little bands.
Refec is their Mecca

And no wonder for there are piles of biscuits and chocolate marshmallows
And long straight rows of coffee-cups and circular cream-filled buns
And they always know of a fresh yarn
Besides a man may here renew acquaintance with the dinner partner of last night.

The only persons who are not conspicuously fond of

Refec are those with weak digestions.

Some lecturers have an idea that if Refec were banished there would be fewer cuts.

For ten weeks Refec is always the same

Never growing colder
Or emptier
Or less popular,

Never knowing that we have a certain pride in possessing it;

Then comes the vac, with tales of easily acquired wealth and Refec closes down till
next term.

PURE AND SIMPLE.



COLLEGE UNION NOTES.

IN looking back upon a term of strenuous activity, it is somewhat difficult to decide what one may omit or what include under so vague a title, but whatever else may be considered unimportant, we cannot fail to record our pleasure at the unexpected increase in the numerical strength of the Union. Such an expansion was bound to stimulate the already active life of our organisation and the success of our social functions this term bears witness to the beneficial influence of the support now available. Societies, encouraged by their large membership, have undertaken fuller and more ambitious programmes, and we have had an opportunity of appreciating the success of such a policy as pursued by the Stage Society in the production of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." We offer to that society our sincerest congratulations and thank all its members for the enthusiastic collaboration which made such success possible.

The constitution of the Students' Union has now been tried out over some four terms, and has proved beyond doubt the soundness of its construction. It has considerably facilitated the administration of Student affairs and our numerical increase has by no means diminished its efficiency. Throughout last session various amendments were made, but this session we have so far had occasion to make only one addition.

The College authorities have now supplied steel lockers in both cloakrooms, which are available for students at very reasonable charges. The second-hand bookshop is in operation at the College Office and our thanks are due to the Registrar and authorities who so willingly arranged for its establishment.

Union diaries have been published for the second time and Mr. Fulton is again to be congratulated on the excellence of their production.

COLLEGE UNION NOTES.

Financially, the Union stands on a rather firmer basis than we had anticipated at the end of last session. This is due mainly to the extra subscriptions received and we are given to understand that our income for the next few years is likely to fluctuate somewhat. The financial problem is therefore likely to become more acute in future years, but for this session we are endeavouring not to limit the scope of Societies by pecuniary considerations.

The Freshers' Social was this year as popular an event as ever, although its organisation was the cause of some mental disquietude to those responsible. We entertained over 380 guests who tested the capacity of the Assembly Hall and Refectory to the utmost. The Principal gave a characteristic speech of welcome to Freshers, while representatives of Societies took the opportunity of emphasising the merits of their respective organisations. After supper, College songs and dancing, the evening concluded with a unique item—the official installation of Kelly II. Kelly I, who had of late grown more and more decrepit, was consigned to an honourable grave, whilst his successor, after befitting ceremonial took his place at the head of possibly the largest "Kelly" we have ever held.

Common Rooms welcomed Freshers in their own peculiarly hearty way, but such rites are veiled in mystery.

We have continued our subscription to the N.U.S. at the same rate as before (*i.e.*, Scale 6) and in consequence two delegates from the Students' Council attended the annual Council Meeting at the British Medical Association Buildings in Tavistock Square, W.C., from November 1st to 4th. A great deal of business was there transacted, and both delegates came away convinced that the N.U.S. is fully justifying its existence.

We extended an invitation to a party of Spanish students to visit this College during the term, but unfortunately the dates we offered were inconvenient, and we hope, in their stead, to entertain some Russian students during next term.

On Thursday, October 31st, the Wardens of the various Halls entertained the Students' Council to tea for an hour's informal discussion of matters relevant to the close association of the Halls with student life as a whole, and we feel very grateful to the Wardens for affording us this opportunity. The regulations governing leave of absence from Halls of residence, which were drawn up last year, are still in operation, and have been found exceedingly useful in the organisation of functions at College. The new arrangement by which teas may be obtained either at Refectory or in Hall has proved a boon to Societies arranging evening meetings and to committees for whom the lunch hour is inconvenient.

The termly general meeting of the Union was held on November 28th, when the report for the term was presented and certain other relevant matters discussed. An amendment to the Constitution was passed which is now awaiting the approval of the College Council.

The Appeal Committee has met regularly and sent a weekly report of current College events to the Appeal Office, but has so far not been called upon to exert itself in any more strenuous fashion.

Owing to some misunderstanding as to its constitution the Halls Committee has not yet met, but the Assembly Hall has been regularly open to students during the lunch hour. Dancing has proved exceedingly popular this session and we are considering the purchase of another piano to replace the present one which shows signs of breaking down under the pressure of constant use.

THE WEST SAXON.

Arrangements for our Annual Rag have been progressing with some rapidity under the direction of an energetic Rag Committee and with the assistance of numerous willing helpers. The date is fixed for March 1st, 1930, and the proceeds are to be devoted to assisting numerous local charities. Articles of a humorous nature are urgently required for the "Rag-Bag" as well as illustrations and amusing advertisements. Ideas are also needed for rag "stunts" and should be submitted to the Rag Committee as soon as possible in order that the programme for the day may be fixed. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that this is the Union's own particular effort, organised and carried out by students alone, and thus the enthusiastic co-operation of everyone is the one indispensable element for success. The objects of our collections are indeed worthy of our very heartiest support and there is no reason why this year's rag should not be the most successful we have ever held.

Our congratulations have been conveyed to the newly elected Mayor and our gratitude to the retiring mayor for the willing help he has given us throughout his year of office, especially at rag time.

In consideration of his accepting the position of Senior Treasurer to the Athletic Union and of the interest which he has shown in the formation of a model Parliament we have invited Dr. Rutherford to become an honorary member of the Union, which invitation he has been kind enough to accept.

Notes written at this period of the session must, of necessity, be somewhat anticipatory in nature, and the next two terms will see the fruition of what has merely been started this term.





HARRIERS.

THE activities of the Harriers team during this term have been, on the whole, quite successful. Almost the whole team this year has been recruited from the freshers' ranks, there being only two of last year's team remaining. The talent shown by the freshers has been very welcome. Out of six matches only three have been lost, of these, two were against the University teams of Reading and Bristol. Mention must be made of our Captain, Mr. F. Knibbs, to whom falls the distinction of having gained the first place in every match this term.

During the term one or two changes have been made in the team, but it is now settling down in anticipation of greater things next term.

NETBALL CLUB.

AT the beginning of the season there were only two of last year's Colours available, but an unusually large number of Freshers supported the Club. Unfortunately, however, most of those who turned out for the trials, played a good attacking game but showed little defending ability, and for some weeks we had great difficulty in settling the teams.

Our losses during the first few weeks were chiefly due to the lack of combination which naturally resulted from this, though the weather and grass pitches we played on were largely responsible for the low standard of play. Once the teams were settled the play improved to a marked degree and our successes have been correspondingly satisfactory. We are specially pleased with the standard of play in the Second Team, as in previous years the difference between First and Second Team play has been much more pronounced.

Our success against Bristol University was very gratifying, and we are aiming not only to do as well against Exeter next term, but especially to wipe out this term's defeat by Reading University.

We are pleased to be able to report that we have at least got into the Second Round of the South Hants and Sussex Netball League, and we are hoping for the best in the Second Round which we shall play on Wednesday, December 11th, immediately after the Christmas Dinner!

M. DAREY.

THE WEST SAXON.

SOCCER.

WITH only three of last year's team left, we watched the Freshers' Trials with quaking hearts, and as we were forced to have three trial games to test all the new talent, we expected some good players amongst them, and we were not disappointed. Play has not been consistent, however, for after defeating such teams as Imperial College and King's College, we were defeated by Reading and Bristol. The team has been more or less successful this year, and out of eleven games played, seven have been won, three lost, and one drawn. There is also plenty of talent in the second eleven, five out of the seven games played being won. Although there were more outstanding players in last year's team, the general standard of play is quite as good this year as it was last, and I think that we may confidently look forward to a successful season.

K. E. P.

MEN'S HOCKEY TEAM.

AT the beginning of the season the selection committee was confronted with a larger array of potential hockey players than has been usual for the past few years. With six of last season's successful team still available and several new men with previous experience—another unusual feature—the prospects for the season appeared to be bright. Unfortunately two rather heavy defeats in the opening matches somewhat belied the promise, but a closely contested game with King's College in London resulting in a 6—4 defeat, marked the setting in of an improvement which has been maintained until the time of writing. Thus, having overcome a lamentable tendency to fade away during the latter part of the second half, the team has been welded into what appears to be an effective combination and the last three matches played have been won in convincing style—including an away victory over old rivals in Winchester Training College. Consequently it is with optimism that we look forward to a strenuous programme during the next term including, perhaps, victories over Exeter and Bristol University in the I.V.A.B. competition.

R. S. S.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY.

*"And thick and fast they came at last
And more and more and more."*

Played 9; Won 7; Goals for, 55; Against, 19.

THE team has at last found the proper place for the hockey ball, viz., between the opposing side's goal posts. The two matches lost were to first-class teams, against whom we have never before aspired to play. Unfortunately on these occasions we were unable to field our full first team.

For the first time in history we have a really strong Second XI. They have not yet lost a match, and have 29 goals to their credit as against 1.

We must thank the freshers for their hearty support of the Club, and congratulate them on securing so many places in both teams.

Our one regret is that we were unable to join the W.I.V.A.B. this year—a pleasure we must defer until the University College of the S.W. of England is willing to become a member, as we cannot afford to send our teams as far away as Nottingham or Birmingham.

E. M. S.

Hall Notes.

HIGHFIELD HALL.

THE arrival of an extremely large number of Freshers, in two batches, appeared to lessen the high-spirited reception usually given to newcomers to Highfield Hall. The finding of temporary quarters for them all produced many wrinkled brows among the powers that be for the first week. Fortunately the worst difficulties were solved when it was announced that the new wing was ready to be occupied on the first Saturday of term. Few of us will ever forget that day—not that we had time for any grand opening ceremonies, but because of the pandemonium occasioned by the efforts of forty, frenzied, female freshers to adapt themselves to hostel ways and prepare for Freshers' Social.

The new wing itself is in every way a striking success. Single and double study-bedrooms open on to the main corridor of the three floors, each of which is provided with a trunk-room and linen-cupboard. The beds (settees by day, beds by night), are probably appreciated most by those unfortunate seniors who have experienced the hammock-like curves of the original hostel bed! The easy chairs and the moveable electric lights are valuable additions to every room, while the æsthetic soul revels in the well-chosen colour schemes. The existence of bureaux, cupboards, washing cubicles, and a laundry-room make it difficult for even the most untidy among us to live up to her reputation.

The *pièce de résistance* of the whole building is at present the new common room, with its luxurious furniture and tasteful hangings. Many of us repair thither after supper to enjoy the cosy, home-like atmosphere, which is greatly enhanced by our most recent addition—the wireless.

The middle block is still in the process of building, but we have hopes of occupying the library and dining-hall next term, when rumour has it that our time-honoured supper will be elevated to the position of dinner. The completion of this block will permit of Inter-Hostel entertainment, which has, of course, been impossible for us this term.

Our only guests so far have been members of the academic staff and friends of the College, whom we had the pleasure of entertaining to tea. Afterwards we showed them over the new wing, and they were especially impressed by the beauty of the wood-work everywhere. It is whispered that at least two professors are longing for another experience of undergrad. hostel life—this time at Southampton rather than Oxford, if Highfield is setting the standard for all our hostels.

Among our various activities was a *The Chantant* which met with great success. We understand that the House Committee are handing down to posterity certain poems written for the occasion.

In all this the old House seems to be sinking into oblivion, but its exit is at least majestic. If it has to fall, great shall be the fall thereof! An old student ably expresses our feelings when she writes: "To think that the Green Study is being desecrated by the clatter of knives and forks! I wonder the shades of all the past House Committees do not rise and snatch each toothsome morsel from your expectant lips. I feel almost inclined to write to the *West Saxon* about it!"

I. V. Y.

THE WEST SAXON.

SOUTH HILL.

IN spite of our small numbers, life at South Hill has so far been anything but dull. Our seven Freshers are already quite at home and appear to be enjoying their new existence.

On November 16th we entertained the Seniors of South Stoneham House, and the programme, which included games, dancing and a short play, was apparently thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

We were very pleased to welcome Professor Cock on the evening of November 29th, when he kindly conducted prayers and read several poems which we appreciated very much. On the same evening we had the pleasure of the company of Miss Lloyd Evans, Principal of Furzedown Training College, London. We regret that she was only able to stay one night and hope that she will visit us again in the near future.

Thoughts of School Practice and Terminals occupy our minds at present, but we hope to create a more festive atmosphere by following our usual custom of having a Christmas tea at the end of term.

E. JONES-PARRY.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

WE have been suffering from growing pains for several years, and this session signs of these are revealed to the outside world in the form of sub-hostels at Blue Peter House, Toc H, and St. Mary's Vicarage, Stoneham. In spite of the fact that we have extended our boundaries to this extent, we are pleased to say that it is not a case of "never the twain shall meet;" we welcome the new order of things as a forerunner of the new hostel, which in our opinion has been well earned. The great influx of Freshers made the first fortnight of term an exceptionally busy one, and the seniors were unusually uneasy as to their capabilities of helping the Freshers to "settle down." However, the proverbial "lost sheep" attitude of the newcomers saved the situation, as it may have done on previous occasions. We must express our admiration for the Junior who invaded a Senior corner of the House in his second night of residence, and proceeded to rag the rooms. When we think of the family reputation which he was bound to uphold, we should have been surprised and disappointed if something of this nature had not occurred! The "official" interviews revealed many notable cases of artistic talent; we suspect that a large number of these performances were given under stress of great emotion, but in spite of this, the House should improve its already excellent reputation for entertaining during the session.

F. H. O.

RUSSELL HALL.

FOR the past two or three years the number of members has been steadily increasing, and the house is now over sixty in strength. The first meeting of the house was held in the Refectory on October 22nd, when both seniors and freshers were entertained to tea as guests of the Warden, Mr. Dudley.

The activities of the House as a corporate body being chiefly restricted to entertaining other Houses, there is a growing keenness among the members to make these functions an unqualified success. Our first guests will be the members of Montefiore House, whom we will entertain in the College Hall on December 21st.

A. J. C.



ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL SOCIETY.

BOTH sections of the Society—the orchestral and the choral—report good progress. Juniors provided some fresh talent for the orchestral section, whose weekly rehearsals have been very enjoyable and instructive.

The choral section also has secured new talent, the strengthening of the tenor line being a notable improvement. The Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Pirates of Penzance" will be produced on the 6th, 7th and 8th March next, and rehearsals are being held every Tuesday. The high percentage of attendance shews how enjoyable are these weekly meetings. Principals have been selected, the caste being a strong one. Everything points to a successful season.

No mention of the doings of the Society would be complete without a reference to the splendid work of our conductor, Mr. D. C. Williams, F.R.C.D. He not only trains his chorus and orchestra, but inspires them.

B. W. G.

THE CHESS CLUB.

UP to the present the Chess team has experienced a successful season ; at present University College heads the Southampton Chess League and has survived the first round of the Robertson Cup tournament. In the last match to date the team has suffered its first defeat, but there is reason to believe that on our next meeting with the same team we shall reverse the result. As in previous years the team owes its success to comparatively consistent play, which bodes well for further successes during the rest of the season.

A. J. C.

THE WEST SAXON.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

THE 1929-30 session under the presidency of Professor E.W. Skeats, D.Sc., A.R.C.S., F.G.S., opened with a paper entitled "From Raw Material to Finished Product," read by Mr. V. N. Malcom, of the celebrated firm of Dorman Long & Co., who, it will be remembered, were fortunate in securing the contract for the steel-work on the new Sydney Harbour bridge. In this paper Mr. Malcom described the various processes entailed in producing rolled steel joists, rails and other products in steel from the crude ore. Professor Eustice occupied the chair at this opening meeting.

Another meeting was held on Monday, November 18th, where a further lecture was delivered by Mr. F. Youle of Marconiphone Co. The subject in this instance was the "Screened Grid Valve" and needless to say it proved an extremely interesting one. The lecture was followed by a demonstration of one of the Marconiphone screened grid valve sets. The chair was taken by Mr. C. E. Chester, a popular lecturer in the electrical engineering department of the College.

The third paper to be read to the Society was entitled "Oil Burning" and was read by Eng.-Capt. Edwin Coles, R.N. (retired), who was in charge of most of the pioneer research work carried out at Haslar in this connection on behalf of the Admiralty. On this occasion the Society was very fortunate in securing the service of Eng.-Rear Admiral Sir George Goodwin, K.C.B., as chairman for the evening. This lecture which was much appreciated, was the last delivered up to the time of going to press, but there are a number of very interesting lectures on this session's programme which are still to come and should they continue to be supported as well as those which have already been delivered, this should prove one of the Societies' most successful sessions. A rather amusing incident took place at this last meeting when Sir George addressed the Society. He deplored the nervousness displayed by the young students present in asking questions after the reading of the paper and proceeded, from force of habit, no doubt, to command those present to put questions to the lecturer stating that he was used to having his orders obeyed. This caused considerable amusement but happily produced the desired questions.

Although not strictly an Engineering Society visit, it may perhaps be desirable here to mention a visit which took place on Thursday, November 28th, to s.s. *Bremen*, which was in the Southern Railway floating dock undergoing propeller repairs and hull painting. In spite of the fact that the party was able to inspect everything except that which interested it most, *i.e.*, the engine rooms, the visit was of very great interest and the party with perhaps the exception of one portly member was greatly impressed by the excellence of this holder of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic.

A number of other visits are under consideration and there is no doubt that the success of this session will be due to the untiring efforts of the Committee and all those who have assisted it so willingly.

ELCIMECHENG.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of the Science Society took place on Thursday, October 31st, when C. H. Beale, Esq., B.Sc., gave a very interesting lecture on "Artificial Silk and Dyeing" to a large and appreciative audience; the lecture was aptly illustrated with lantern slides, and practical demonstrations of the various processes were admirably performed, which made the meeting all the more enjoyable. This Society has an interesting programme of lectures next term on a wide variety of subjects which should appeal to popular taste. These lectures will not be by any means technical and they should, therefore, attract students of all faculties to whom a very hearty welcome is extended.

H. C. D.

UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

REPORT OF ECONOMICS SOCIETY FOR THE AUTUMN TERM, 1929.

MR. P. FORD, B.Sc. (Econ.) has been unanimously re-elected President for the ensuing session. The resignation of the late secretary, Mr. A. Robinson, was accepted with regret; Mr. H. E. Chudleigh was appointed in his place. The main activity of the Society has been the reading of papers on matters connected with Economics and Political Science.

On November 4th, a member of the Society, Mr. B. W. Gooderham, gave a paper on "Rationalisation and its Claims to solve the Unemployment Problem." This matter of current importance excited great interest, and a keen discussion took place on modern problems in industry.

A visit was paid to the Society on November 14th, by Mr. J. H. Matthews, District Secretary of the Workers' Education Association. He addressed the gathering on "Local Government Abroad." The systems of local government in France and Germany were dealt with in particular, and the relative merits and demerits of Continental administration and the English system were revealed.

The Economics Society also received a visit from Mr. Albert A. Davis, F.L.A., Librarian and Secretary of Southampton Public Libraries and Museum, on December 3rd, who gave a very interesting lecture on the "History of Southampton, with reference to its Economic Development."

The Society is able to report an increased interest in its activities, and detailed arrangements are being made for the Spring and Summer Sessions.

H. E. CHUDLEIGH.

U.C.S. LEAGUE OF NATIONS SOCIETY.

"To study International Relations.

To promote International Understanding.

To further the aims of the League of Nations Society."

ALUNCH-HOUR meeting, a tea, and two discussion circles, are the outward signs of life of the U.C.S. L.N.S. It was met that the first function should be social, since our primary aim (to study International Relations) can be based only on the realization that Nations are aggregates of people much like ourselves, people who have their individual foibles and their individual prides, who are weak as one person but strong in an united corporation.

The peoples of whom we have thought and talked are as varied as those who have introduced them to us—the Italians, the Indians, and the Danzigers. In Discussion groups we do not attempt to settle the destinies of Nations, that must be left to the interaction of Time and the expansion of international understanding. We cannot influence the first, but we can do our best to shorten the distance between "Them" and "Us." Why not come and help next term?

I. C.

THE WEST SAXON.

STUDENTS' GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE session so far has proved successful—the number of members is a record one and meetings have been well attended. We wish to thank both Freshers and Seniors for their support.

Our opening meeting of the session, on Tuesday, October 24th, was addressed by Mr. R. Aitken, on "Geography and Reality." The lecture was of a philosophical nature; unfortunately there was insufficient time at our disposal to discuss the many interesting points aroused.

Our terminal excursion took the form of a most enjoyable and instructive visit to the International Cold Storage at the Docks. At least one member returned with a souvenir in the shape of a *frozen* orange. We have not heard the result of attempting to eat the fruit.

On Thursday, November 21st, Capt. J. G. Withycombe, of the Ordnance Survey Office, gave us a lantern lecture on "Small Scale Maps of the Ordnance Survey." Both the subject matter—treated historically—and the slides proved to be of very great interest, especially to the Intermediate Class—several points touching on recent discussions during Practical Geography.

We wish to thank Prof. Rishbeth and Miss Miller for their valuable help and suggestions.

A. I. N.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

THIS term has been a busier one than would appear to the vulgar gaze. We have only held three actual debates, but we have given a hand in organising the Model Parliament, which can now carry on alone. We have sent a delegate to Cardiff's I.V.D., who seconded their opposition (which of course won) and we are already in the throes of the very complicated arrangements for our own I.V.D. on January 31st. The Union has supported us well and we hope it will continue to deal with us.

SOIRÉE COMMITTEE.

GIVEN a good partner, a good band and a good dance floor, a dancer cannot fail to have a delightful time.

At the soirée held in the Assembly Hall on Saturday, October 26th, about one hundred and fifty men and women danced to the music provided by Gwen Masters and her Bohemians Dance Band. Good partners were available, and, as usual, the band was on top of its form, but as regards the dance floor—there was no dance floor. However, do not let us be pessimistic, there is every hope that when the University of Wessex is functioning, a really first-class spring floor will be laid.

From opinions advanced by people who attended the dance and their eager anticipation of the next function, which is fixed for Saturday, December 7th, it can only be concluded that the Soirée was a huge success.

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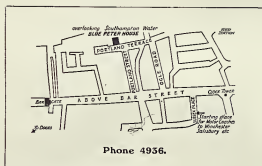
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